THE SUPERNATURAL

Strange Cases Reported to the American Association for Psychical Research.

SOME REMARKABLE DREAMS

Phantasms, Presentiments and Other Mysterious Phenomena.

ONE STRIKING TELEPATRIC CASE

First-Hand Testimony From Living Person -Extraordianry Occurrences That Will Be Read With Interest-A Dead Sister Revisits a Brother-A Lifelike Apparition -A Women Sees a Marder and Suicide While Far From the Tragody-A Doctor's Ghostly Visitor.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

dicted that all such cases would be speedily



BOSTON, February 23. HEN the English Socirty for Psychical Research began to investigate scientifically such reported "phantasms," "presentiments," and other socalled supernatural phenomena as could be traced to first-hand witnesses, it was pre-

exploded, that nothing tangible would be found, and, consequently, no result. Quite the contrary proved to be true. An enormous amount of testimony of the strongest kind was got together in a few months, substantiating the truth of occurrences, which, up to that time, no considerable body of unprejudiced people had believed. Most of those who did not absolutely reject all testimony attributed the occurrences to "coincidence," Many others, of course, thought "spirit phenomena" proved beyond a doubt, and, consequently, immortality established. Some of the best cases were reported from the United States, and within a short time after the first reports were published in gland the American society was formed. In the last two years this society has procured enough testimony relating to different kinds of phenomena to make several large volumes. There are what would appear to be most undeniable proofs of ghosts, phant-ssms of living persons and supernatural phenomens of all kinds. The men at the nead of it, Prof. S. P. Langley, Fullerton, Bowditch, William James, Newcomb, Richard Hodgson and others have given the undertaking all the credit of a erious purpose, and an assurance that all

nature would have been reported in the greatest abundance, and that they could not vestigation. Results show, however, that by far the most numerous and valuable cases relate to the subject of themselves. ference. This subject, sometimes re erred to under the name of "telepathy," includes all cases where one mind is supposed to have been influenced conscionsly or unconsciously by another apart from the ordinary chanted itself to any belief, one way or the other, as regards this or other branches of their work, but holds the position of an investigating body. The general public has been made to assist by circulars calculated to bring out the tendency of popular belief or to secure data for ascertaining the percentage of mere chance or coincidence. It has been found, for example, that by far the greatest majority, in reply to a direct ques-tion, deny their belief in anything supernatural; but most answers to the next ques- case. tion in order indicate that they believe sufficiently to prefer not to spend the night in a house alleged to be haunted.

A GHOST STORY.

Remarkable Story Told by F. G. - His Dead Sister Revisits the Earth - No. Shadowy Form, but a Lifelike Appari-

By special arrangement THE DISPATCH is now enabled to present the most startling, as well as the most valuable, cases which the American society has investigated. They are selected from a large number which will be given in all details in the volume of proceedings to be issued by the society. The secretary, Mr. Richard Hodgson, 5 Boylston place, Boston, is ready at all times to receive cases by letter, or otherwise, and to answer any questions relating to the work of the society. Perhaps the best case of all is as follows: Boston, January 11, 1888.

Secretary American Society for Psychical Re-

search, Boston, Mass.: SIR:-Replying to the recently published request of your society for actual occurrences of psychical phenomena, I respectfully submit the following remarkable occurrence, with the as-surance that the event made a more powerful surance that the event made a more powerful impression on my mind than the combined incidents of my whole life. I have never mentioned it outside of my family and a few intimate friends, knowing well that few would believe it, or else ascribe it to some disordered state of my mind at the time; but I well know I never was in better health or possessed a clearer head and mind than at the time it occurred.

died suddenly of cholera in St. Louis, Mc attachment for her was very strong, and the blows severe one to me. A year or so alter her death I became a commercial traveler, and it was in 1876, while on one of my western trips, that the event occurred.

I had "drummed" the city of St. Joseph, Mo., and had gone to my room at the Pacific House to send in my orders, which were necessaries.

to send in my orders, which were unusually large ones, so that I was in a very happy frame of mind indeed. My thoughts, of course, were about these orders, knowing how pleased my house would be at my success. I had not been and the sun was shining cheerfully into my room. While smoking a cigar, and busily writing out my orders, I suddenly became con scious that some one was sitting on myleft, with one arm resting on the table. Quick as a flash I torned and distinctly saw the form of my dead sister, and for a brief second or so looked her squarely in the face, and so sure was I that it was she, that I sprang forward in delight, calling her by name, and, as I did so, the apparition instantly vanished.

Naturally I was startled and dumfounded, al-

most doubting my senses, but the cigar in my mouth and pen in hand, with the ink still moist on my letter, I satisfied myself I had not been dreaming and was wide awake. I was near enough to touch her, had it been a physical possibility, and noted her features, expression,

SHE APPEARED AS IF ALIVE.

Her eyes looked kindly and perfectly natur could see the glow of moisture on its surface, and, on the whole, there was no change in her appearance otherwise than when alive. Now comes the most remarkable confirma-tion of my statement, which cannot be doubted by those who know what I state actually oc-curred. This visitation, or whatever you may call it, so impressed me that I took the next train home, and in the presence of my parents and others I related what had occurred. My father, a man of rare good sense and very practical, was inclined to ridicule me, as he saw how earnestly I believed what I stated, but he, too, was amazed when later on I told him of a bright red line or scratch on the right hand side of my sister's face, which I had seen dis-tinctly. When I mentioned this, my mother rose trembling to her feet and nearly fainted away, and as soon as she sufficiently recovered

my sister, as no living mortal but herself was aware of that scratch, which she had accidentally made while doing some little act of kindness after my sister's death. She said she well remembered how pained she was to think she should have, unintentionally, marred the features of her dead daughter, and marred the features of her dead daughter, and that, unknown to all, she had carefully obliterated all traces of the slight scratch with the aid of powder, etc., and that she had never mentioned it to a human being from that day to this. In proof, neither my father nor any of our family had detected it, and positively were unaware of the incident, yet I saw the scratch as bright as if just made. So strangely impressed was my mother that even after she had retired to rest she got up and dressed, came to me and told me she knew at least that I had seen my sister. A few weeks later my mother died, happy in her belief she would rejoin her favorite daughter in a better world.

I submit this in all earnestness, but request that my name should be omitted should this become public or given to the press, which you are at liberty to do should you so desire.

F. G.

BOSTON, January 14, 1888. Mr. Richard Hodgson, Secretary A. S. P. R., Boston:

DEAR SIR-Thanks for your favor of the 18th and circulars, all of which are at hand. Will DEAR SIR—Thanks for your favor of the IStand and circulars, all of which are at hand. Will follow your suggestion and write my father and others who were present when I explained the apparition, and on receipt of their replies will forward same to you.

I will add here that there was nothing of a spiritual or ghostly nature in either the form or dress of my sister, she appearing perfectly natural, and dressed in ciothing that she usually wore in life, and which wa familiar to me. From her position at the table, I could

usually were in life, and which was familiar to me. From her position at the table, I could only see her from the waist up, and her appearance and everything she were are indestuly photographed in my mind. I even had time to notice the collar and little breastpin she were, as well as the comb in her hair, after the style then worn by young ladies. The dress had no particular association for me or my mother—no more so than others she was in the habit of wearing—but to-day, while I have forgotten all of her other dresses, pins and combe I could go to her truck (which we have, just as she left it) and pick out the very dress and ornaments the wore when she appeared to me, so well do I remember it.

You are correct in understanding that I returned home earlier than I intended, as it had

fou are correct in understanding that I re-turned home earlier than I intended, as it had such an effect on me that I could hardly think of any other matter; in fact, I abandoned a trip that I had barely commenced, and ordi-narily would have remained on the road a month longer.

I will also add that about ten days before my

I will also add that about ten days before my mother died she in all seriousness told me that if it was His will, or in her power to appear to me after her death, she would surely do so, just as my sister had done, but I have never had a similar experience. But I can swear to this fact, that, notwithstanding my life of constant travel in Europe and America, my mind has so frequently been full of thoughts of both my mother and sister, and at such oud and unusual times, as to half convince me that even after their death they were exerting a more powerful influence over me than when they were on earth, through some subtle, unknown agency. known agency.

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, The members of our family are all strong willed, positive and naturally of a sceptical mind, with an inclination to go into "cause and effect" and investigate before believing; and none of us are in the least superstitious, be lieving only what we can comprehend or what seems natural. I have no doubt that many intelligent people have had a similar experience, but through lear of ridicule, or being considered of a morbid mind, have kept it secret. It seems natural for us to make light of these alleged visitations, or whatever they are, but no mortal man could convince me, or anyone who has land a similar experience. That we define the land is similar experience. no mortal man could convince mc, or anyone who has had a similar experience, that we did not see just what we know we saw, and still not be superstitious, merely being unable to account for it, I have often said to myself, "I wonder what the feelings of another would be, if he had, when wide awake and in his right senses, seen what I saw with wide open eyes in broad daylight?" If it was a common occurrence I am sure it would set people to thinking. I daylight?" If it was a common occurrence I am sure it would set people to thinking. I never expect to convince others, in fact I don't blame them for doubting. Had it occurred by the various committees.

It might have been expected, from the prevalence of ghost stories, that cases of this when I was smoking, writing and full of busi-

ness.
We all know or are pretty well satisfied not seein unreasonable to think such a con-nection might continue after death, but the learned men who are associated with you are better able to solve such problems than the writer, if such a thing is possible to do.

A STRANGE DREAM.

A Death Foretold-Remarkable Document mry Case-A College Professor's Experience.

In the case which follows, an extraordinary presentiment in a dream of the death of a relative, the society has obtained documentary evidence of the strongest kind. Prof. Royce, Chairman of the Committee on Phantasms and Presentiments, relates the

The first of the "documentary cases" came to us, along with much other valuable msterial, from a professor in a Western college, whose name we need not give, but who is well known to Rev. Edward Everett Hale. From the latter we have the best assurances as to our correspondent's high churacter. The experience in question did not happen to our correspondent himself, but to family connections of his, from whom he obtained for us the documentary evidence. The narrative may be introduced by a few words of explanation: In the latter part of February, 1886, a very severe snowstorm visited New England and the British Provinces. It was especially inconvenient in the North, and long blockades on the Northern railways were the result. In the Boston Advertiser of Tuesday, March 2, I find a disputch from Halifax, reporting that "the storm in Northern New Brunswick is the worst known for many years. The special train which should have arrived here Saturday uoon (February 27) is not likely to reach Halifax till Wednes-"Another heavy snow storm is now raging along the entire line of the intercolonial, accompanied by a gale of wind. No American mails have been received since last Thursday (February 25)." This item,

which I have hunted up in the news of the day, will form a sufficient basis for understanding the letter which follows. A gentleman, Mr. J. T., a connection of our West-ern correspondent, was at this time in New Brunswick on business for a Montreal house. Wednesday, March 3, he wrote a letter, dated St. John, N. B., and written on the paper of the Hotel Dufferin. I have had a part of the original in my hands. The

letter is addressed to his wife. A STRANGE DREAM. "I have not heard of you for an age. The train that should have been here on Friday last has not arrived yet. I had a very strange dream on Tuesday night. I have never been in Ottawa in my life, and yet I was there, in Mr. E.'s house, Mrs. E., Miss E. and the little girls were in great trouble because Mr. E. was ill. I had to go and tell my brother (Mr. E.'s son-in-law), and, strange to say, he was down a coal mine. When I got down to him I told bim that Mr. E. was dead. But in

trying to get out we could not do it. We climbed and climbed, but always feil back. I felt tired out when I awde pext morning, and I cannot account for the dream in any way."
This death, according to our Western correspondent, had actually occurred at New York
City at midnight on Tuesday, February 23, one
The delay of the week before the dream. The delay of the mails, the substance of the Advertiser dispatch of March 2, and the tone of the letter itself, seem to make it very improbable, in any case that Mr. J. T. could have had any intimation of the death of Mr. E., or any special cause for the dream. As to the circumstances of Mr. E.'s death they were as follows, according to death, they were as follows, according t

Early in February, 1886, a gentleman, Mr. E. living at Ottawa, (a connection of my family by marriage, and with whom I was well ac-quainted,) went from home on business. He qualities,) well from nome on pusiness. He was at the time suffering from a severe cold. While in New York he became worse, and was finally seized with pneumonia and taken to a private ward in one of the hospitals in that city. His situation became critical, and the physician in attendance, or his daughter, who was with him, telegraphed to his relatives in Ottawa. Later an improvement set in, and more favorable accounts were di-patched. Suddenly, however, and before any of the res sank rapidly, and died about midnight on the

23d of February.

This was on Tuesday. He had been unconscious for some hours. Mr. J. T., also connected with Mr. E.'s family, but having no close connection with himself, was at the time somefirm in Montreal, which had no transactions with Mr. E.

VERIFIED BY A LETTER. In confirmation of this account, our correaway, and as soon as she sufficiently recovered her self-possession, with tears streaming down her face, she exclaimed that I had indeed seen mother to his wife, dated February 28, and

giving an account of the facts. From the original letter we have the following copied extract; the original letter was seen in June. 1887, by Mr. Hodgson and myself:

1887, by Mr. Hodgson and myself:

* * The events of this week have been such a shock—I have not recovered from it—poor Mr. E dying there all alone! His daughter was there three hours before his death, but he was insensible; she thought he returned the pressure of her hand, but it is doubtful. * * Your brother and his wife had come in on Wednesday morning to make purchases. Then the telegram came telling of his death; they had not heard of his illness, only of his having a cold. Of course it put other business neide, and W. had to make arrangements for the funeral, and everything devolved on him. Mrs. E came in from Ottawa. I did not hear anything till Thursday, when B. came up to tell us—it was all so hurried. * * Pneumonia had caused paralysis of the heart, which caused his sudden death. They had telegraphed that he was very ill, and they feared the result; then, again, that he was better, and they hoped danger was past; then in a few hours that he was brought to Montreal and buried—so very hurried. was gone. In less than two days he was brought to Montreal and buried—so very hur-ried.

In addition, we have the following, written in a letter from the wife of Mr. J. T. to a member of the family. The original of this letter, also, has been in our hands:

* I expect J. home about the middle of next month. What a strange dream J. had about Mr. E.'s death! He last saw him a few days after Christmas, when they both called to days after Christmas, when they both called to see us. I will answer your questions about the dream as far as I can; I fortunately kept J.'s letters telling about his dream, as I thought it very remarkable. For several days before, and exactly a week after, Mr. E.'s death there were heavy snow storms in N. B., so that J. did not see a Montreal paper or hear from me in that time; Il trains were snowed up on the line together. This explains why he did not hear from me. I will copy what he says in his letter of Wednesday, March 3, from St. John, N. B. [Then follows the extract aircady given.]

In answer to questions, Mrs. J. T. has assured us in writing, first, that her husband

ared us in writing, first, that her husband had heard nothing of Mr. E. for a long time, and did not know where he was, and, second, that she herself heard of Mr. E.'s death or Thursday, the 25th, and at on e wrote to her husband, but that he did not get this or any further letter from her before Thursday, March 4. The coincidence is remarkable, and is excellently established. As to the closeness of the coincidence, the dream either occurred, as is possible, at the time of the death, or else, as I think likely, a few days later, while in any case no news of the actual death could have passed; and it was a dream of serious illness, with a sense of something mysterious and dark connected with the matter, and in the course of it the impression arises that Mr. E. is dead.

A TELEPATHIC CASE.

How a Man's Illness Agitated a Lady Far Away-A Physician Sees Phantoms. Among the "telepathic" cases the following is one of the most striking. The gentle-

Island on business, my house being then, as now, in Boston, I received news which was most unexpected and distressing to me, affecting me so seriously that I retired to my room at the hotel, a large, square room, and threw myself upon my bed, face downward, remaining there a long time in great mental distress. The acuteness of the feeling after a time abating, I left the room. I returned next day to Boston, and the day after that received a short letter from the person whose statement I inclose herewith, and dated at the town in I inclose herewith, and dated at the town in Western New York from which her inclosed letter comes. The note begged me to tell her without delay what was the matter with me "on Friday at 2 o'clock" the very day and hour when I was affected as I have described. This lady was a somewhat familiar acquaintance and friend, but I had not heard from her for many friend, but I had not heard from her for many months previous to this note, and I do not know that any thought of her had come into my mind for a long time. I should still further add that the news which had so distressed me had not the slightest connection with her. I wrote at once, stating that she was right as to her impression (she said in her letter that she was sure I was in very great trouble at the time mentioned), and expressed my surprise at the whole affair.

Twice a nee that time she has written to me.

Twice since that time she has written to me, giving me some impression in regard to my condition or situation, both referring to cases of illness or suffering of some kind, and both times her impressions have proved correct enough to be considered remarkable, yet not so exact in detail or distinctness as the first time. feel confident that I have her original letter but have not been able to command the time

rivid impression about me was only one of 10 or 12 experiences of like sort near that time in re-lation to other people, and that in every case her impression proved correct. She was re-covering then from a long and nearly mortal illness, maiarial fever contracted in Italy, and was for a long time in most delicate and pre-carious condition. As her restoration to health progressed she tells me she found herself less and less susceptible to impressions of the saft

P. S.—The three occurrences above detailed comprise all the experiences of this sort which I have had in my life.

The accompanying statement from N. reads as follows-N. is a physician by profession, and writes from New York State;

we have not interviewed her personally: [Postmarked August 16, 1886.] PROF. ROYCE—In the convalescence from a malarial fever, during which great Hyperesthesia of brain had obtained, but no esthesia of brain and obtained, but no hallucinations or faise perceptions, I was sitting alone in my room, looking out of the window. My thoughts were of indifferent trivialities; after a time my mind seemed to become absolutely vacant; my eyes feit fixed, the air seemed to grow white, I could see objects about me, but it was a terrible effort of will to about me, but it was a terrible effort of will to perceive anything. I then felt great and painful sense, as of sympathy with some one suffering, who or where I did not know. After a little time I knew with whom, but how I knew I cannot tell, for it seemed some time after this knowledge of personality that I saw distinctly, in my brain, not before my eyes, a large, square room, evidently in a hotel, and saw the person of whom I had been conscious lying face downward on the bed, in the throes of mental and physical anguish. I felt rather than heard sobs and grieving, and felt conscious of the nature of the grief subjectively; its objective cause was not transmitted to me. Extreme exhaustion followed the experience.

objective cause was not transmitted to me. Extreme exhaustion followed the experience, which lasted 40 minutes intensely, and then very slowly wore away. Let me note:

First—I had not thought of the person for some time, and there was no reminder in the room.

Second—The experience was remembered with more vividness than that seen in the normal way, while the contrary is true of dreams. Third—The natural order of perception was reversed, i. e. the emotion came first, the sense of a personality second, the vision or perception of the person third. I should be glad to have a theory given of this reverse in the natural order of perception, Respectfully, N.

AS TO APPARITIONS. A Physician's Story-A Figure Revealed in a Strong Light and Afterward Rap-

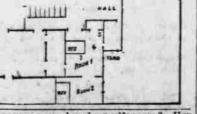
idly Fuded Away. As far as apparitions are concerned, this case, which had two eye-witnesses, is an unusually strong one. It was reported by letter, as follows:

ALBANY, N. Y., September 10, 1888. Mr. Richard Hodgson, 5 Boyiston Piace, Boston,

Mass.:

DEAR SIR-I had a personal experience
last week which would, I think, be of interest to your Commutate on Apparitions,
and I send it, as I understand you wish to collect as many accounts as possible. I am not a subscriber to your society, and would like to know a little more of its scope and aims. I have been aware of its existence through an advertisement which I clipped from a paper and through friends who are subscribers. I am a physician; have been in practice about

I am a physician; have been in practice about il years; am in excellent health; do not use in-toxicants, tobacco, drugs or strong tea or coffee. Am not subject in the least to dreams, and have never been a believer in apparitions, etc. On Monday last, September 3, 1888, I went to bed about il P. M. atter my day's work. Had supper, a light one, about 7 P. M.; made calls after supper. My bedroom is on the second floor of a city block house, and I keep all my clours locked except the one leading to my wite's room, next to mine, opening into mine by a wide sliding door, always left wide open at night. The following diagram will illustrate



doors (all bolted at night) and one window. Both windows in our rooms have heavy green shades, which are drawn nearly to the bottom of the window at night, shutting out early daylight. No artificial lights command the windows, and the moonlight very seldom.

I undressed and went to bed about II, and soon was asleep. In the neighborhood of 4 A. M. I was awakened by a strong light in my face. I awoke and thought I saw miw wife standing at fig. 3, as she was to arise at 5:50 to take an early train. The light was so bright and pervading that I spoke, but got no answer. As I spoke the figure retreated to fig. 4, and as gradually retreated to a spot at fig. 5. The noiseless shifting of the light made me think it was a servant in the hall, and the light was thrown through the kethole as she moved. That could not be as some clothing covered the keyhole. I then thought a burglar must be in the room as the light settled near a large safe in my room. Thereupon, I called loudly to my wife, and sprang to light a light in your room?" I lit the gas and searched. (There had been no light in either room). Everything was undisturbed.

My wife left on the early train. I attended to my work as usual. At noon, when I reached home, the servant who answers the door informed me that a man had been to my office to

My wife left on the early train. I attended to my work as usual. At noon, when I reached home, the servant who answers the door informed me that a man had been to my office to see me about a certificate for a young lady who had died suddenly that morning from a hemorrhage from the lungs. She died about 10 'clock. There was but little resemblance between the two, as far as I noticed, except height and figure. The faces were not unlike, except that the apparition seemed considerably older. I had seen the young lady the evening before, but, although much interested in the case, did not consider it immediately serious. She had been in excellent health up to within two days of her death. At first she spit a little blood, from a strain. When she was taken with the severe hemorrhage, and choked to death, she called for help and for me.

This is the first experience of the kind I have ever had, or personally have known about. It was very clear—the figure or apparition—at first, but rapidly faded. My wife remarked the light before I had spoken anything except her name. When I awake I am wide awake in an instant, as I am accustomed to answer a telephone in the hall and my office hell at might.

instant, as I am accustomed to answer a tele-phone in the hall and my office bell at night.

ALBANY, September 27, 1888. DEAR SIR-On the morning of September 4 I was suddenly awakened out of a sound sleep by my husband calling to me from an adjoin-ing room. Before I answered him I was struck with the fact that, although the green struck with the fact that, although the green shade to his window was drawn down, his room seemed flooded by a soft vellow light, while my chamber, with the window on same side as his, and with the shade drawn up, was dark. The first thing I said was, "What is that light?" He replied he didn't know. I then got up and went into his room, which was still quite light. The light faded away in a moment or two. The shade was down all the time. When I went back to my room I saw that it was a few moments after 4.

Very truly,

F. S. (wife of W. O. S.)

Mr. Hodgson: DEAR SIR: Your note of October ll is at hand. In reply I would say, in regard to the light in my husband's room, that it seemed to me to be perhaps more in the corner man who was the unconscious agent gave every possible aid to a careful investigation:

Boston, November 16, 1886,
Prof. Royce—Dear Sir—Some years ago, perhaps eight or nine, while in a city of Rhode

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Boston, November 16, 1886,
Prof. Royce—Dear Sir—Some years ago, perhaps more in successive was faintly distributed through it was faintly distributed through the year of the corner of his room, between his window and my door, although it was faintly distributed through the room.

When I first saw the light (lying in bed) it was faintly distributed through the room.

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When I first saw the light (lying in bed) it was faintly distributed through the room. my door. When I reached the door the light had begun to fade, though it seemed brighter in the doorway where I stood than elsewhere. My hu-band seemed greatly perplexed, and said. "How strange! I thought surely there was a woman in my room." I said: "Did you think it was I?" He said: "At first, of course, I thought so, but when I rubbed my eyes I saw it was not. It looked some hike Mrs. B— (another patient of his—not the girl who died that night). He, however, said that the figure never seemed to look directly at him, but toward the wall beyond his bed, and that the figure seemed clothed in white, or something very light. That was all he said, except that later, when he knew the girl was dead, and I asked him if the figure at all resembled her, he said: "Yes, it did look like her, only older." Respectfully, Mrs. W. O. S. OCTOBER 16, 1888.

The case is interesting, as being very well

The case is interesting, as being very well reported, and as leaving us in no doubt about the reality of this odd experience. The conditions do not make any detailed explanation of the occurrence at all plausible, although many possible causes for the experience may suggest themselves to our

REAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

While Lying Sick in Bed a Woman Sees a Murder and Suicide-Letters From the Lady.

The next case is one of a decidedly puzzling sort, to which our attention was attracted by the following item from a Philadelphia newspaper, which was going the rounds of the press:

A most remarkable case of clairvoyance the aborbing topic among the residents of South Camden, and is perplexing the wise people of that city. The case is that of Mrs., Annie Field, of 805 Broadway, who died a few days ago, and who was a very highly respected and estimable lady. One day while sick she made inquiry, during a few moments of consciousness, relative to the health of Turner Barry a well-known business man in that lo-Berry, a well-known business man in that lo-cality, and who had been seen that morning in excellent health. An hour or two afterward a little daughter of Mr. Ber y called at the Fields' residence and said her father had been taken very ill. On the following day Mrs. taken very ill. On the following day Mrs. Field rose up suddealy from her stupor and, in apparently great agony of mind, declared that a well-to-do brother-in-law, residing in Pennsylvania, was away up among the Pennsylvania forests seriously ill, and his family were greatly agitated over his disappearance, and could not find him. A day or two later a letter came confirming this.

A DEEP MYSTERY. The most mysterious case in connection with Mrs. Field's clairvoyance, however, was that in connection with the murder of Amelia Walker by Michael Finnigan, and the latter's suicide. On the night of the murder Mrs. Fleld suddenly sprang up in bed, after having been in a stuper for a long time, and in terror cried out: "See that wan and woman and the carriage at the City Hall; see the confusion; let me get near the man; let me get near him." The old lady was with difficulty quieted, and then she broke out again, declaring that a terrible thing was happening, and that the man was causing them trouble. Then, in a very weakened condition, the old lady fell back in

her bed.
On the following morning Mr. Field began to read the account of the murder to his daughters, when one of them seized the paper from his hand, and was shocked to discover that the facts were identical with those their mother ad seen in her stupor. Two days later Mrs. Frield died. In answer to our inquiries we have come into possession of the following correspondence re-lating to Mrs. Field's experience:

[FIRST LETTER.] (From the late Mrs. Field's son-in-law.) CAMDEN, N. J., May 1, 1888.

DEAR SIR-Yours of March 20 and April DEAR SIE—10078 of March 20 and April 21 were duly received. * * I snall endeavor to varrate the incidents of the late illness of Mrs. Annie J. Field to which the Evening Telegraph of March 6 alluded as "manifestation of clairvo ant power." Should you desire a more systematic paper, please forward the form used in such parameter.

Mrs. Annie J. Field, æt. 54, was a woman of unusual intelligence, possessing all the char-acteristics of the pure Englishwoman of higher birth, and no trace of superstition, save that found in a strict adherence to the traditions and doctrines of the high Church of England.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY On the 15th of February Mrs. Field con tracted a coid, which culminated in pneuonia with typhold fever. Five days later the suspicions of her physician were aroused by a marked symptom (the patient also steadily growing weaker, with the pneumonia and fever conquered), and an examination revealed un-doubted evidence of Bright's disease suffusing the body with its fatal poison—induencing the mind to the extent of a tendency to reflection upon vanished possibilities.

Upon the evening of the murder and suicide near our City Hall, Mrs. Field lay, probably it a semi-comatose condition, though apparently awake, as her eyes were open, with nothing un-usual to attract attention in her occasional reusual to attract attention in her occasional remark., when suddenly she raised herself in her bed, exclaiming: "Help! he's killing herwon't some one go to her assistance?" She then recited to her daughter, in close attendance upon her through her illness, a long story, detailing a walk that evening upon the avenue upon which the City Hall is situated, stating that while there, a sorrel horse, pulling a fight carriage or buggy, in which a quarrelling pair of human beings were seen, passed her and shortly after stopped. It was then the quarrel became fatally warm, as Mrs. Field at this juncture startled her daughter with her outery.

outery.

This is a succinct description of this incident, which was laughed at as a mere dream, and accounted for by the theory that her hearing, unnaturally quickened by disease, had caught a conversation relating to the occurrence carried conversation retaining to the occurrence carried on in the street outside, appropriating it to her use as a personal adventure. To offset this, however, is the fact that some years previously Mrs. Field's entire left side had been paralyzed, and her brain, eye, ear and arm of that side rendered almost useless, and at the time of this

occurrence she was at least 14 feet from a closed window. Her daughter, a young woman of unusually quick perception, at that time thoroughly wide awake, and six feet (or more) closer to the windows of the room, heard nothing in allusion to the matter—in fact, nothing save the tramp of the pedestrians to and fro.

AN UNVARNISHED TALE. There was no attempt at description, either of personage or mode of murder, but a plain, unvarnished tale of a supposed stroll, aimless as could possibly be in comparative midwinter. and the single descriptive attempt comprised in the allusion to the sorrel horse walking out of the city, via the avenue on which the City Hall stands. Mr. Turner Berry, of Camden, alluded to in

the publication, was an acquaintance of Mrs. Field, who had been in ill health for a long time, though for a short while previous to this time, though for a short while previous to this occasion had sufficiently recovered to resume his outdoor habits, and was noticed upon the street a few hours before the following:

On the morning of the City Hall tragedy, Mrs. Field, in the course of a desultory conversation, remarked that she would like to know how Mr. Borry was "getting on," as he was "again very till in bed," a remark which occasioned a smile and the assurance that she was wrong, as he had been recently seen on the street. She insisted, however, that he was seriously indisposed, and was indulged in her belief, as a mere harmless whim. Toward evening a daughter of Mr. Berry cailed, by advice of her mother, to inquire about the condition of Mrs. Field, informing her hostess that her father was again critically ill, having been compelled to retire from the public gaze that forenoon. This covers this case of "manifestation." I believe.

compelled to retire from the public gaze that forenoon. This covers this case of "manifestation." I believe.

My little pet dog, left alone during business hours, by reason of my wife's (Miss Field's) attendance upon her mother some distance away, and my absence in Philadelphia, betrayed signs of loneliness, evinced by depression of spirits and loss of appetite, crouching in a corner of a lounge, and barely returning my salutations at night. During another conversation, at about the same time as above mentioned, Mrs. Field questioned her daughter about her home affalrs, womanlike, suddenly alluding to the "poor little dog sitting in the corner," frightened. Upon my visit that evening, after the customary inquiries. I endeavored to change the subject of thought by the sportsmanlike allusion to the invalid dog sitting in the corner of the lounge at home, and was astonished to learn that it had been "divined" correctly, save in regard to location, although the corner of the lounge was as near as could be in the corner of the lounge was as near as could be in the corner of the room.

Hoping this will prove satisfactory to you, or

ner of the room.

Hoping this will prove satisfactory to you, or at least for the present, I tender you freely any service in my power to give you.

EMILE G. TRAUBEL. For family of Mrs. Field (deceased February

[Appended Statement.] [Appended Statement,]
It may be necessary to add that the events detailed occurred within a period of 24 hours, beginning with the allusion to Mr. Berry (1), the dog (2), and the trip to Murderland (3).

[SECOND LETTER.] CAMDEN, N. J., May 16, 1888.

DEAR SIR—If you will send me a copy of my communication of first, I will secure the statement of my wife regarding correctness of contents, over her signature. I have not preserved tents, over her signature. I have not preserved a copy of any paper containing an account of the "Walker-Finnegan" murder, but will try to secure one for you if desired. A rough calculation of the beeline distance of Mrs. Field from the scene of the murder would give at least 2,500 feet, perhaps 3,500, about eight "blocks" distant, north to east. Until you have Mrs. Traubel's version of these occurrences at her mother's bedside, I think it advisable for me to avoid further attempt at description. You will receive, I think, full reply to your second, third and fourth queries embodied in yours of lith inat, when we receive the copy of my last. Please do not quote fine as indorsing any form of spiritualism because of my writing replies to your favors: courtesy demanded my action, and I ain, moreover, quite interested in of spiritualism because of my writing replies to your favors: courtesy demanded my action, and I am, moreover, quite interested in mystery unraveling, so much so, at least, as a plain, matter-of-lact person of no scientific knowledge can be. If successful, will send you paper containing description of murder. E. G. TRAUBEL.

[THIRD LETTER.] CAMDEN, N. J., June 4, 1888. DEAR SIR-Demands compelling attention have prevented my replying to yours of the 23d ult. until to-day. I inclose your "typewritten" copy of communication of May I, upon which you will find (on back of fifth page) the state ment of Mrs. Traubel (Miss Field) over her signature; it testifies to the correctness of the narrative of the letter, which will, I hope, add to your confidence. [The indorsement in uestion has been printed above, with letter 1.] It is impossible to go further into detail; the parties who "heard and saw" are afraid of parties who heard and saw are aired of their memories, and unwilling to add to the story, though fully able to corroborate my compilation of events, which, it is claimed, covers the ground quite fully. I am compelled to depend upon accident for a copy of a paper staining an account of the murder allud containing an account of the murder alinded to. It appears that the publishers destroy all papers unused a few weeks after publication (l4 days, in some instances), and, as I applied six weeks after, was not supplied; March 1—May. How would it answer to request one of the papers, say the Record, to give, in its correspondents' column, a brief account of the occurrence?

corrence?
This would prove the fact of the murder, without extended description. If acceptable, I will make the request upon advisement. No Philadelphia daily will part with a filed copy of their publication. Should further service, as indicated above, be desired, please feel at liberty to demand it. EMILE G. TRAUBEL.

[FOURTH LETTER.] PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 15, 1888. DEAR MR. Hodgson-I send you the story you desire. It is written hurriedly, but is accurate. It happened, as you see, in Camden, just across from Philadelphia. Very respective the enormous crowds followed him. H. M. WATTS. fully yours, H. M. WATTS.

Copy of the appended statement, with ac-

stone's throw of the City Hall of Camden, N. was instantaneous, but the woman was taken to Cooper Hospital, where she lived until 11:17 o'clock without recovering consciousness. The murder and suicide took place in a lonely part of the town, as the Camden City Hall is out in the suburbs. An old lady living at 438 ont in the suburbs. An old lady living at 436 Trenton avenue gave the alarm to the police. The police took the body of the murderer to the morgue and the woman to the hospital. On searching around they found a horse and buggy which had conveyed the disreputable pair from Phitadelphia to that fatal spot. Woodford Hughes, a switchman at Haddin avenue, was the only witness. He saw the flash of the pietal and heard the renort. He saw a man the only witness. He saw the flash of the pistol and heard the report. He saw a man leaning over the dashboard of the buggy. Soon after he heard another shot, but he went on his way. It is supposed that, after shooting his companion, the murderer started to drive off, but, being overcome with remorse, walked back to her body and killed himself.

The nurderer had blonde hair and a sandy mustache. The woman was about 24, plump and good looking. The police traced them across the river, and it was finally discovered that the brother of the murderer lived at 713 South Third street, Philadelphia. He identified the body of his brother and the woman as "Amelia." Frank Tapping, of \$14 South Sixth street, Philadelphia, identified the body as that of Amelia Walker, who, with her husband, a huckster, had ledged at his house. Both persons were low, disreputable and deparved.

The story in brief is thus: On Wednesday at 2 o'clock the man and woman started from McCarles's livery stable, on Grisson street.

o'clock the man and woman started from McCauley's livery stable, on Griscom street, Philadelphia. They drove away, having a whisky bottle with them. They crossed on the ferry boat Beverly to Camden, and finally brought up at the City Hall region at 8:30

The murderer was a politician of a low type in the Fourth ward, of Philadelphia. Other cases quite as puzzling are being investigated, and will be presented in these columns. It is understood that the society cannot as yet come to any definite conclu-sion, but the thousands of cases will have to be looked into before anything whatever in the nature of a law governing any class of them can be discovered.

Under Love's Spell.



Stricken Youth (at his idol's door)-Say,

ATHLETICS ABROAD.

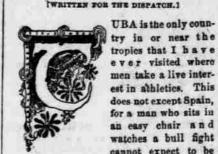
Blakely Hall Tells of the Athletes and Sports of Other Lands.

BASEBALL ON THE ISLAND OF CUBA

A Famous Bull Fighter Who Fell in Love With Sara Bernhardt.

ENGLISH AND IRISH BOY ATHLETES

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.



cannot expect to be classed as an athlete. I was very much surprised the first time I went to Cuba at the fondness for sport which the people displayed. It was not difficult to find the cause. Every Cuban boy whose family can afford the expense is sent to t e United States to be educated. The Cubans are a quick witted and clever race of men, and they easily imbibe whatever book knowledge is essential to a scholastic career here. They mature much more rapidly than our boys. The result is that they have plenty of time for athletics, and they are always prominent members of the clubs in the different schools and colleges. When they go back to Cuba they keep up the fad, and the result is that they have managed to infuse a liking for sport throughout the whole island. There are a half dozen or more athletic clubs of the very first order in Havana, plenty of vachting and rowing in the harbor, and baseball has driven bull fighting to the wall.

I have seen some notable games of baseball, but never anything that approached a contest in Havana about three years ago for the championship of the Island of Cuba. For two years the Matanzas and Havana clubs had struggled for the mastery, and this was to be the decisive game. There were 20,000 people on the ball grounds, and when I drove out the clubs had been playing three hours and a half, and had not yet reached the third inning. They had had four umpires and the grounds were lined with police. The excitement of the people was beyond description. Everybody on the grand stand was hoarse from violent scream-ing, and when the third inning came to a close with a home run on the part of the shortstop of the Havanas, the populace crowded over the balustrade and almost smothered the shortstop with caresses. They began all over again the following day under rigid police rules, and the curbing of the excitement wherever it was possible, and the game was brought to a satisfactory

BASEBALL IN CUBA.

close.

The Havanese have picked up the slang of the American ball field. It was very odd to hear the incessant jabbering of Spanish interrupted by such phrases as "home run," "foul tip," "fair ball," "take your base," etc. The excitement of the players was no less intense than that of the spectators, but despite all the freezy which characterized despite all the freuzy which characterized the game it was noticeable that the Cubans played mighty good ball. If Manager Mu-trie sends the New York reserves down there he will find that they will not have easy sailing by any means. The Cubans are not heavy batters, but they are the quickest fielders and base runners that I have ever

POPULAR BULL FIGHTERS.

older love of the Cubans for fighting is on the wane. Undoubtedly bull fighting is still a fascinating sport for the old timers, but there has been such a succession of clowns in the bull ring during the past ten years that they have practically killed the sport. When a great bull fighter turns up in Cuba-au event which happens about once in four or five years-he is lionized to a wonderful extent for a time, but by no means unusual, though the runners there is every indication that bull fighting may not be champious, and there may be as a national sport has seen its best days in Cubs. I often wonder what has become of Mazzanini, who went to Cuba from Spain and fell violently in love with Sara Bernhardt the day that he arrived in Hayana count of the murder. At 8:30 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, February 23, within a stone's throw of the Clark and the hero of the ring was almost too much for the sightseers. Mazzanini was a remarkably handsome the conjunction of the French actress and the hero of the ring was almost too The conjunction of the French actress his way into the affections of the people by J., opposite Philadelphia, Michael Finnegan, a dissolute character, aged about 35 years, shot and fatally wounded Amelia Walker, another worthless creature and fathless wife, and then sent a bullet through his own brain. His death the sent a bullet through his own brain. His death the sent a bullet through his own brain. His death the sent as the provided himself many the provided himself many through the sent as the provided himself many through the sent as the provided himself many through the propie by his amiability and good nature. He was paid \$60,000 and all his expenses for a four weeks' tour through Cuba and Mexico. fighting, however, he proved himself more or less of a muff. The bulls were so tame that they excited his derision and he expressed his contempt in pantomime to the populace. The populace grew sulky and refused to attend the bull fights. Then Mazzanini went to Mexico, where he also expressed his contempt for the bulls and the place generally with rather tempestuous results. The people pelted him with chairs, benches and everything else that they could lay their hands on and then shot at him cas-

ually as he rushed out of the ring. I saw a woman bull fighter once in Havana, but the bull she was to fight proved to be a calf. The populace conceived itself to be insulted, Senora Gloria was imprisoned for seven months, and all the proceeds of the fight were given over to charity. All of this shows that it is not sale to foo the hot Southern blood of the people of the

ACTIVE FRENCHMEN.

It has always been a mystery to me why France has not produced more athletics. The French boys are quick, lively and energetic. At the public baths, and in some of the big schools they exhibit no end of life and activity, but they never develop into strong men. They begin drinking coffee and absinthe and smoking eigarettes too early in their lives. The only things they really care for are riding and fencing, and they excel in both. The Frenchmen are natural swordsmen, but they have no con-ception whatever of the benefits of general physical training.

I remember at the Smith-Kilrain fight

there were two French noblemen who had come over from Paris with Lord De Clifford to see the match. They were of the ordinary type of jockey-club sportsmen, fond of horses, cards and foils. They watched the two pugilists pummel each other for a few minutes, then vawned and went over and sat down on a stump, smoked cigarettes and talked about their friends. If any one called their attention to the pugilists they glanced at the ring politely, then shrugged their shoulders and admitted that they could not understand it at all. A lot o Frenchmen shortly after the fight had begun rowed over shortly after the fight had begun rowed over from a neighboring village to the island in the Seine where the fight was going on. They shrugged their shoulders and went back at once. It bored them to look at a mill for seeing which almost any man in Great Britain would have been willing to pay heavily. I have often talked with Frenchmen about sparring and kindred exercises, but their minds are thoroughly made up on the subject. They believe that it is much better for a boy to cultivate his brains than his muscles, and they esteem a bit of repartee or a notable bon mot much more highly than they do the most per eet physical development which the mind of man can

STURDY GERMANS. The Germans are, as a rule, too heavy for

light exercises. They do not keep them-selves in condition at all. It is a curious thing that people so intelligent and living in a climate which is admirable for athletic exercise, should give up all the finer and the.

lighter forms of outdoor amusements. Run-ning, cricketing, baseball, lacrosse and similar games, are at a very low ebb in Ger-many, though there is some football. Even the sports at which the Germans claim to excel are by no means their own. They have been very proud of their skaters for a long while, and yet Joe Donognue, of Newburg, has won every contest in his German tour, beating the cracks without any special struggle. There are a great many men in America, who are as good as Donognue, too. The curse of the German boy is beer, just as the curse of the American have ghue, too. The curse of the German boy is beer, just as the curse of the American boy is eigarettes. The German Kaiser knew what he was talking about when he spoke on the occasion of his birth-day, urging the youth of Germany to keep more aloof from the beer gardens. There is no reason that I can see why the German athletes should not make wonderful records, for I have never seen a realizable to the contraction. for I have never seen a sturdier lot of men, UBA is the only counand their determination and pluck is pro and their determination and pluck is inverted. Everywhere a man goes in Germany he sees big, powerful and sturdy looking men, with broad shoulders, deep chests, thick necks and sturdy legs. They all have tropies that I have men take a live interthe build of athletes in a certain way, but est in athletics. This all of them carries a huge paunch, and all the lightness and swing is gone from his movements by reason of this encumbrance. Beer does this. It is beer all the time, does not except Spain,

CLEVER IRISH BOYS

rare sight.

morning, noon and night. After every walk-ing tour, football game, bicycle race or fencing bout, everybody, principals, sec-onds and spectators, adjourn to the nearest beer garden, sit down to the tables, and drink for hours. A man of 24 or 25 years in

Germany who has not lost his waist is a

English and Irish boys are wonderfully fine fellows. I met a great many amateur athletes in Ireland, and I found them the cleverest sort of men. There is good reason for the prominence of Irishmen in athletic sports all over the world. They make great pugilists, plucky runners and marvelous cricketers. Indeed, they excel in all varieties of sports, and many of the crack athletes in America—who, by the way, are the crack athletes of the world nowadays—are of Irish parentage. The love of the people over there for sport is as natural and honest as their love for fresh air. They do not drink beer, smoke very little, and the smooth roads of Ireland offer them a splen-did opportunity for running and walking. Before the trouble over the evictions and the misery they entail came upon Ireland, the people showed their fondness for sport of all sort by trudging from one end of the country to the other for any athletic event. Many of the peasants would walk 15 or 20 miles simply to watch the horses and hounds of some notable hunt. Now they will walk 50 miles to break up a hunt if

The young Irish boys are good runners. Some time ago they adopted the Euglish style of running, but I am glad to see that the American form which Myers exhibited over there has taken good hold. Some of the fleetest runners that I have ever seen in Ireland and England now run in the American fashion—that is, with the arms hanging free and the head forward, a good deal as an Indian runs. The conventional English style of running is to throw the shoulders ery far back, stick the elbows close to the sides, pump and arms up and down, keep-ing time with the stride and throwing the leg very far forward. In England the Rina teur athletes erop up at every possible point. Every little village has its harriers, its cricket and football teams, and there are contests going on constantly. The boys are a straight-limbed, ruddy-faced, clear-eyed ot of youngsters, who speak without affectation and are delightfully modest and un-conventional. It is a wonderful thing to me that they develop after they are 22 or 23 years old into the stiff, awkward, surly and even insolent men that one meets so often

ATHLETICS IN ENGLAND. see the number of people who turn out at bay windows, and nowhere more so than in an athletic meeting in some of the large Washington. towns outside of London. Athletic games in many of the big manufacturing cities like Birmingham prove a thousand times more exciting and interesting to the people admired. A net, like unto those used by They number spectators by the thousands over there, where we count them by the hundreds. A crowd of 10,000 people anywhere in England at an athletic meeting is from cesting the staving qualities of the bat nothing more interesting than a series of walking and running matches between men waltz? Weber's last one is hardly more

who have merely local reputations. What I have admired most about the English and Irish boys is the careful man-ner in which they look after themselves. They will toddle off to bed early no matter what the attractions may be, get up betimes and take a five-mile spin, wrapped sweaters and heavy coats, return and take a cold bath and sit down to breakfast, with-out feeling that they have done anything out of the ordinary way. When they smoke at all it is simply to take a short pull at a briarwood pipe, and as a rule nothing on earth can coax an English boy into touching malt drinks or smoking cigareties. They look further ahead than our own boys. The trouble in America, as far as my observation goes, and I have been more or less associated with athletics for a number years, seems to be that the boys and and young men take up athletics merely in the way of a fad. They train themselves violently and severely with some definite purpose in view, such as the 100-yard dash, or the high jump, and if they fail to beat the record in the course of a year they abandon athletics altogether. Men are athletes in Ireland and England until they are 40 odd years of age. That is the one advantage of cricket, by the way, over baseball, and it is the real reason of the permanent popularity of the game in Great Britain. A man can play cricket until he is 50 years of age, but nobody can play baseball nowadays unless he is a well-trained athlete, with youth, strength and lots of activity to back him up. But then I had rather see one game of ball than a thousand games of cricket. This is, as far

as my own observation goes, the usual preference in America. BLAKELY HALL. A Disaster at the Dog-Play.



Heavy Villain-Seek him, good Bruno and when thou hast found him, tear-r-r him limb from limb!



But Swinklemeyer of the orchestra was eating a sandwich in the front row, and

REL TEVES instantly-cures per -Dr. Bult's Cough Syrup. Price 25c a Loy

A SOCIAL WATERLOO.

Breezy Gossip on the Impending Upheavel in Washington Society.

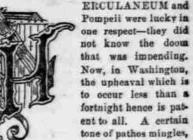
OLIVE LOGAN ON HANDSOME MEN.

Mrs. Cleveland's Plans When She Leaves

the White House.

MRS. HEARST'S FAMOUS COLONIAL BALL

ORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, February 20, 1889. ERCULANEUM and



therefore, with gay otes of music and light phrases of courtesy. There is a positive analogy between the present social situation and that of the memorable ball which took place just before Waterloo, that festive occasion when all went merry as a marriage bell. On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined! cry the leaders of the haut ton. On the 4th of March President and Cabinet meet their Waterloo. Until that time their wives and families seem resolved to chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

HANDSOME CHAPPIES.

The social event of the week has been Mrs. Hearst's Colonial ball. Our belles can talk of nothing but of the enhances' good looks of our men in powder. Whas charming fellows must have been extant in Martha Washington's day, to be sure! "Would that we had lived then!" cry some of the more romantic. Now my own opin ion is that no men ever existed who were handsomer than those of the present generation. If the style of dressing to-day is less flattering than it was in olden times, so much the more reason have we to admire the good looks of our cotemporaries, who make a fine appearance indeed, albeit their wear is rough cloths instead of velvets and

The colonial dress is remarkably become ing to women of all ages. From the girl in ther teens to the grandma of three score there is nothing prettier than the style which prevailed a century ago.

The floral decorations of Mrs. Hearst's lovely ball surpassed anything which

Washington has seen. There is no use to catalogue the details of the splendid array. Any mere enumeration of objects howsoever beautiful is dry reading; nevertheless let me mention one fairylike effect in greenery-portieres of smilax, looped back with wreathes of roses! Can you imagine anything more Wattennesque?

Boucher, who so loved to entangle his Cupids in garlands of blooms, would have reveled in the delineation of various of our American vines, the crochet-work or fairies without an excrescence in them for yards A BAY WINDOW ROMANCE.

Have you a bay window? A pretty thing, but like many a good looking acquaintance, not always to be relied on. I know a French lady who worked for 20 years to save money enough to buy a certain house near Puris which she had coveted in childhood, as Every facility is offered the boys in England for indulging in athletics. The most crusty and crabbed of village shopkeepers will contribute his share toward purchasing a cup or prize of some sort for the boys to struggle for, and it is really remarkable to struggle for, and it is really remarkable to

In the room where Mrs. Hearst's guests than a circus or a race meeting in America. fishers, but with silks and crewels, was stretched across a bay window, in the vacant The dancers were prevented by this device window, and the imprisoned flowers added a note of beauty to the animated scene.

celebrated. She indulged in it because she was leaving the White House. Gossip never wearies in its discussion of Mrs. Cleveland's probabilities for the future. "She is coming," said the ebon naiad of the Turkish baths to me yesterday, "here to have a baff, soon as she leabes de Wite

WHEN SHE DOFFS THE PURPLE Fancy the etiquette-burdened First Lady, her sebaceous tollicles unrelieved by the action of intense heat in a Turkish bath for four long years, counting the hours until she may literally doff the purple and don

the Turkish bath-sheet! Like unto the winding sheet itself, the peplum of the tepidarium reduces all humanity to the same level. Mrs. Cleveland and a pretty Treasury girl; the wife of a millionaire Senator's wife, and a female newspaper correspondent; are equally without a pocketbook in the coffin, and the

You know that wise saving, "An undevout astronomer is mad." I think an unphilosophic Washingtonian is, of all persons in the world, the most likely to end his days in madness. One must needs cuttivate the calmness of philosophy here if one does not wish to pace the halls of a lunatic asylum. On the one hand such amuzing wealth; on the other, such pinched necessity! I graut that Washington ex-hibits no such painful extremes as one may see in London, where the palaces of Bel-gravia and the slums of Westminster are absolutely contiguous; but, like Mercutio's wound—which, though not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, served its fatal purpose—so the sharp contrasts of opulence and poverty proclaim trumpet tongued in Washington the unwarranted differentia between man and man. I saw a girl pay \$3 for a corsage posey yesterday; another, with bunger in her eyes, stood watching her in the street as she skewered it to her left shoulder with a long pin set

with pearls. Political economists are not in accord concerning the advantage to the community at large of indulgence in luxury by the rich, Some hold that the purchase of superfluities spreads money among the poorer classes more effectually, more equita-bly, than the mere reckless bestowal of alms; others take the contrary view. But reason how they will, for or against, this way or that, forward or backward, I shall not soon forget the sight of the girl with hunger in her eyes who stood looking at the girl who paid \$3 or her corange posey, and attached it to her jacket with a long pearl

Apropos of jackets, mes tres cheres, did you know that Dame Fashion will have none of them? By my taith as an honest chronicler, they are going out. The high shoulder puff has cried to the tight jacket sleeve, "Avant, and quit my sight!" The alternative is a cape, reaching to the waist. In dress material, as yet, an un-decorated and sane affair; but in furs, al-

ready an eccentricity, with high epaulettes, and long tabs in front reaching quite to the OLIVE LOGAN

Desires to Bear Testimony.

Henry Thorne, Traveling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., writes from Exeter Hall, Strand, London, February 2, 1888:

"I desire to bear my testimony to the value of Ailcock's Porous Plasters. I have used them for pains in the Dack and side arising from rheumatic and other causes, never without deriving benefit from their application. They are easily applied, and very comforting. They are easily applied and very comforting. Those engaged as I am in public work, which involves exposure to sudden changes of temperature, will do well to keep a supply of Alicock's Porous Plasters in their portmanteaus."